

How to Smile with Bloody Teeth

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationship:	Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Blood Deity TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Injury , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Possessive TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , although I would argue it's in an endearing way , Mentioned Ponk DropsByPonk (Video Blogging RPF) , Hurt/Comfort , Minor Character Death , Fictional Religion & Theology , Happy Ending , Mentioned Kristin Rosales Watson , Goddess of Death Kristin Rosales Watson , Dark TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Oblivious Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , False Identity , Human Sacrifice , Child Soldiers , I know a lot of these tags look really intense but I swear it's not that bad , Technoblade-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Eldritch TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Body Horror , but MILD body horror
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Blood Brothers (Blood God!Tommy AU)
Collections:	Completed stories I've read , sbi my beloved , phoenix's mcyt fics <3 , Non-Human MCYT , Finished , Found family to make me feel something , cuboid , i am creation , mcyt related , sbioneshots , wow i really am reading mc fanfiction 🥰🥰 , Best Works , great dsmp multichap fics , 💎*. fics so perfect that they change the definition of perfection (๑'۰'๑) 💎*. , SBI That I Love , Yeah but we we though you were mental you were talking to trees! , DSMP favs , Wilson's re-reads , Mar doesn't know how to handle this it's just so so so good , Mar's Big Library (dsmp) , dark/possessive fics because i may or may not have a problem , Fics I enjoy , SBI Fics (mostly Techno-centric) , The Good Shit 🙌🌟 , Purrsonal Picks , Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have , Wani's sbi hyperfixation of (mostly) super hero fics , wined and dined , Pawsitively Awesome Dream SMP Books , the best works i've ever read , beautiful works that made me cry , (Mainly) SBI centric fics that I actually enjoyed (very pog) , completed mcyt/dsmp fanfics that are pog , Stories That I So Adore , This is such a good fic-- WAIT WHEN DID I GET TO THE END , Loxe's Collection of Iconic MCYT Girls , bitesize fics , Annie's Collective , Al's Favorite Stories , Fics Al has Finished Reading , Fics that I have an Unhealthy Attachment to , MCYT , luciana's fics she would genuinely die for , I swear to god if I start crying I'm

[blaming.youuuu /pos](#), [I liked these fics and I finished them](#), [Satan's Favourite Blockmen](#), [WOO Insomnia Time](#), [Ash's Favorite Completed MCYT Fics](#), [dsmp fics that have kept me alive](#) 🍷🥳🥰, [hixpatch's all time favorites](#), [crow's favourite found family aus \[mcyt\]](#), [My Entire History](#), [Dream SMP. ft. Techno&Tommy](#), [BedrockBros to heal the sadness in the world!!!](#), [Artin's list of very cool and pog fics \(\(: the universe admires these works of art](#), [plantie's favs](#), [the reason i'm an insomniac](#), [Haha im crying-](#), [alexs fav ffs :\]](#) (mostly crimeboys and sbi), [Bedrock Bros Fics That Just Need To Be In One Place](#), [i will and can trade my soul for these fics. actually id rather keep my soul](#), [Fanfiction Masterpieces](#), [Kit's Favourite MCYT Fics](#), [DSMP Fics I adore - Mainly about Tommy because that boy is my - traumatized - comfort character](#) 😊, [Dsmp OG](#), [SBI classics](#), [Timeless Fanfictions](#), [mcyt brainrot that makes me froth at the mouth](#), [fics I could reread a million times](#), [These DSMP fanfictions give me LIFE!](#), [i don't read dsmp fics \(or do i??\)](#), [Chef's kiss all the way](#), [Books I've already read <33](#), [UltraRed's Favorites \(mcyt\)](#), [Talented. Brilliant. Incredible. Amazing. Showstopping. Spectacular](#), [Fics That Scream I Need A Book Cover](#), [DSB\(DreamSmpBooks\)](#), [finished fics i've read](#), [short stories of the universe's](#), [tea's favorites](#), [THESE ARE SO GOOD WHY ARE THEY SO GOOD??!! \(mcyt edition\)](#), [JAP's favourite MCYT fics](#), [Techno getting adopted](#), [Into The Tommyverse](#), [Aeons fav mc](#), [Mcyt\(mostly SBI\) fics that I adore](#), [All my favs](#), [Possessive \(and a little fluff\) BedrockBros](#)

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How to Smile with Bloody Teeth

by [lockergirl](#)

Summary

“Please,” one soldier told Techno over dinner, “The Blood God isn’t going to help you. He doesn’t accept any of the blood sacrifices the generals leave for him, so either he doesn’t exist, or he thinks he’s too good for the likes of us. Either way, it’s best to find a different patron.”

Techno had punched him in the face for that. None of his other comrades ever brought up the Blood God again.

Well, except for one.

“You follow the Blood God?” the new kid said, staring up at Techno with unbelievably blue eyes.

“Yeah,” Techno replied, perhaps a bit gruffer than he meant to, “What’s it to you?”

“Nothing!” the new kid said, grinning wildly, “I love that guy. He gets all the ladies. Hey, we should be friends!”

Or: Techno is the last devout follower of the Blood God. Tommy may or may not be said god.

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授权翻译】 How to Smile with Bloody Teeth](#) by [LeviathanAsh](#)
- Translation into Русский available: [Как Улыбаться сквозь Кровавые Зубы](#) by [Killin_Kel](#)
- Translation into Українська available: [Як посміхатися з закривавленими зубами](#) by [ekotorba](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade was fairly certain that he was the last devout follower of the Blood God.

When he was a kid, his village had sacrificed a young woman to the deity. A war was brewing at the kingdom's border, and their warriors needed strength and power. They needed a patron. And what better way to appease the Blood God than by offering him fresh blood?

Techno remembered the way the girl tried to run. He remembered her howling screeches and desperate twisting. He remembered the gurgling sound she made after the blade pierced her throat. He remembered the moment she went quiet, surrounded by chants of *Blood for the Blood God*.

After the ritual was over and everybody was gone, Techno had walked up to the sacrificial table and placed a baked potato on it. He tried not to make a face as blood clung to his hand. The food wasn't much, but he felt like he should give something. The Blood God was going to protect them, after all. He wanted to show his thanks.

The next morning, the girl's body was still there, strapped down to the table, eyes glazed open. The baked potato was gone.

A week later, Techno's village was burned to the ground by the enemy's advancing army. Their warriors weren't strong enough to stop it. Everyone who made it out of the fire was slaughtered like pigs, their blood pooling in the streets. But Techno escaped, unharmed. It was as though the enemies' eyes simply slipped off of him.

It didn't take him long to realize what must have happened.

With nowhere else to go, Techno joined the army at six years old. He was far too young to fight, but he was just quick enough to deliver messages between different corners of the war zone. When he had an extra moment, he would lean over a dying soldier and say some last rites. Ask them their name. Hold their hand as they passed on.

His superiors would always yell and push when he made such delays, furious that their messages took a few minutes longer to arrive, but Techno didn't really care. He was otherwise good at his job, and was a lot faster and bolder than the other orphans the army had recruited. And for some reason, unlike the soldiers he heard cry themselves to sleep at night, the blood and gore of the battlefield never bothered him.

The second he hit his teenage years, he became a soldier. The war was still going strong, and the kingdom was more desperate for new bodies than ever before. Desperate enough to hand a 13-year-old a sword and push him out on the front lines. By 22, Techno was the most renowned soldier in his regiment. Secretly, he was also the luckiest. Enemies' eyes skimmed

over him as often as they saw him, and his weapons almost always hit their targets. Arrows just seemed to miss him. Hits didn't land as deeply as they should have.

Techno would always leave sacrifices for the Blood God after such near misses.

Half his platoon hadn't even heard of the deity before. Those who had weren't big fans.

"Please," one soldier told Techno over dinner, "The Blood God isn't going to help you. He doesn't accept any of the blood sacrifices the generals leave for him, so either he doesn't exist, or he thinks he's too good for the likes of us. Either way, it's best to find a different patron."

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Well, except for one.

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"Yeah," Techno replied, perhaps a bit gruffer than he meant to, "What's it to you?"

"Nothing!" the new kid said, grinning wildly, "I love that guy. He gets all the ladies. Hey, we should be friends!"

Tommy was young. Techno didn't believe his lies of being 20 years old for a single second. He was 17, tops. Probably significantly younger, though his face made it hard to tell. Still, no self-respecting adult would follow Techno around like a confused duckling all day, asking inane questions and taking up all of his time.

What was even weirder was that Techno didn't mind. He had always kept a healthy distance from his colleagues. Wartime wasn't the place to make lasting friends. But Tommy... Tommy was genuinely funny and bright. He had a big temper and an even bigger mouth, but he only ever got truly mad when he saw something unfair. He was determined and loyal and always knew what to say to make the tension in Techno's shoulders disappear. It was as if they had known each other for a lot longer than a few months.

And it was silly, but Technoblade felt... protected by Tommy. His presence felt safe in a way Techno hadn't felt since he was a child. It was weird, since the kid could barely lift an axe and had basically no battle experience, but every time he fixed Techno's armor or tried to make him smile, it felt like he was doing something more.

It was terrifying. Techno had seen the battlefield claim too many young lives. He was going to keep Tommy from that fate, all else be damned.

Every morning, when he prayed for his own safety, he prayed for Tommy's as well. He gave the kid whatever he could spare at meals. He taught him how to fight, turning clumsy movements into something salvageable.

Tommy seemed thrilled by the attention. He took the extra food at dinner as though it was made of gold, and visibly perked up whenever Techno initiated spending time with him. Though Techno would never admit it, it warmed his heart.

Even better, Tommy seemed genuinely supportive of Techno's faith. He would follow along on every trip to the Blood God's shrine, watching with rapt attention as Techno placed his offerings on the sacrificial table. Instead of slaughtering prisoners of war, like the generals preferred, Techno would leave the Blood God a bit of his dinner. Extra supplies. Some flowers or pretty rocks. After so many years, he knew what his patron liked. The items were always gone by morning.

"You're really good at this," Tommy said once, nearly breathless. "I'm sure he loves these gifts."

Techno ruffled the kid's hair in response. One of these days, he would try to convert Tommy, get him under the Blood God's protection too, but he didn't want to be too pushy. Drawing too hard a line might scare the boy away and onto the battlefield. Better to keep him close. There was plenty of time.

Techno was out of time.

Blood spilled from his stomach like water from a pump, his loose hands doing little to keep the gash closed. He had gotten lazy. Distracted. And in that moment, a man had gutted him mercilessly, leaving him to bleed out like a pig in a slaughterhouse.

Maybe it was what he deserved, after so much bloodshed.

Techno had minutes left, tops. And all he could think about was how there was no one left to protect Tommy.

Blood God, he prayed, his hands growing sticky, You've always been fair to me. Please, if I must die, protect Tommy. I hope my life is sacrifice enough—

"Techno!" a young voice shouted, startling him back into focus.

Tommy had spotted him, and was now stumbling over a hill to kneel down next to him. Relief flooded through Techno. At least the kid was okay.

"Shit man," Tommy said, looking at Techno's wounds, "This is bad."

Selfishly, Techno was glad that he didn't have to be alone for this. He continued his final prayer to the Blood God.

... Please guide my soul to—

“No, no!” Tommy hissed, pushing down on Techno’s wound to stop the blood flow. “I’m not going to let you die. That’s not happening.”

“It would be an honor,” Techno gasped between breaths, “To die on the battlefield.”

Tommy looked at him incredulously. “Right, so you’re certifiably insane.”

Techno wanted to glare at him, but he wasn’t sure he had the energy for it anymore.

Tommy grimaced, pushing down harder on Techno’s gaping stomach. “Look, Death’s lovely, okay? She’s really nice and gives great hugs or whatever. But if you die right now, there’s nothing I can do for you!”

Techno was a little confused about what Tommy was getting at, but ultimately decided it wasn’t worth fussing over. It was getting quite a bit darker around the corners of his vision.

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck* !” Tommy cursed. The boy’s hands were doing little to stop the blood from gushing out of Techno.

“Blood for the Blood God,” Techno muttered absently.

“Not yours!” Tommy yelled, looking extremely distressed. He looked up at the sky, pulling his hands from Techno’s wound and clasping them in prayer.

Somewhere on the battlefield, an explosion of TNT went off.

“C’mon, Ponk,” Tommy prayed, screwing his eyes shut, “You give me this and I’ll owe you the biggest favor you’ve ever gotten! Anything you want!”

Techno vaguely recognized the name Ponk. Some god of healing or whatever. Huh. He never realized the kid was so religious.

Tommy opened his eyes, laying his hands back on the open stomach in front of him. Techno was just about to tell him to give up, that he wasn't worth it when—

Well, Techno wasn’t quite sure how to describe it.

The winds around them seemed to stop, and the sounds of the battlefield grew distant. There was light spilling from Tommy’s hands and eyes, redder than the blood that covered the two of them. Tommy himself was gaping at something distant, muscles tense.

Then, the kid started laughing.

“Thank you!” he screamed, digging his already bloody hands into Techno’s guts, “Thank you!”

Techno’s entire stomach felt like it was being rearranged, like every cell was being pulled and polished, but it didn’t hurt. It didn’t even feel like it was happening to him. Quickly, even the pounding ache in his head and the cuts on his arms seemed to ebb and disappear, until absolutely nothing felt out of place. It was better than he had felt in months, years maybe.

Techno looked at Tommy. The red light was fading, and the kid was noticeably more tired.

Tommy smiled, though it looked a bit more like he was baring his teeth. “Death doesn’t get you,” he said, voice manic and possessive and full of love, “You’re mine.”

Then he collapsed into Techno’s arms.

Techno was at a complete loss. One minute, he had been bleeding out in the mud, coming to terms with his unavoidable death, and the next, he was completely alive and well, holding an unconscious teenager.

He had gotten Tommy off the battlefield quickly, ignoring commands from one of his superiors. That was going to bite him in the ass later. They probably thought he was deserting.

He didn’t care. The realization surprised him.

Occasionally, Tommy would stir in his arms, muttering something about patrons and protecting Techno, but there was no time for that. He needed to get the boy somewhere safe, and then they needed to get out of this fucking war once and for all.

As he laid Tommy down in a long-forgotten trench, the gravity of the situation finally hit Techno.

Tommy had offered up *everything* to save him, and there was no way of knowing how much the healing god would take. The idea of Tommy, bright, wonderful *Tommy*, enslaved to some random deity, forced to bend to their every will... It made Techno sick. As soon as the kid woke up, Techno would have to find a way to free him. Maybe he could trade his own life? Or beg the Blood God for help?

At that moment, Tommy groaned. Techno was beside him in a second, ready to help.

The kid opened his eyes blearily, like he was waking up from a long nap. The moment he registered Techno, he smiled.

“Hello,” Tommy croaked.

“You,” Techno said, “are a fucking idiot.”

Tommy blinked. “You know, a thank you would be nice. I kind of saved your life, motherfucker.”

“You promised yourself to a random healing god! He could do anything to you, and there’s nothing I can do to protect you! That wasn’t a risk worth taking!”

Tommy frowned, pushing himself up. “I was saving your *life*. Besides, me and Ponk trade favors all the time.”

“Heh? You—“ Techno sputtered, “you’ve done this before?”

“Yeah?” Tommy said, rubbing his eyes. “It’s not that big of a deal. I’m not like, sworn to him or anything. We just help each other out.”

“You have to be more careful with gods, Tommy. Do you know how fickle they can be?”

Tommy smiled. “Yeah, most of them are right assholes.”

Techno tensed. “Tommy.”

But Tommy wasn’t listening. He looked up at the sky and flipped it off. “You hear that, everybody? Fuck you!” Tommy paused. “Except Ponk! Thanks again!”

Techno grabbed Tommy and clutched him against his chest, as though that was going to protect him from the gods’ wrath.

The kid had the absolute gall to laugh. “Don’t worry Techno, most of them are pretty fond of me.”

“Tommy,” Techno said seriously. “You shouldn’t insult the gods. And you shouldn’t give them blank checks, under any circumstances. That healing god isn’t going to just let you go!”

Tommy cocked his head. “But you swore yourself to the Blood God.”

“That’s different,” Techno insisted. “The Blood God... he’s not like the other gods.”

“How?”

“He... he protected me. When I was a kid. I owe him everything.”

Tommy paused. “Would you do anything for him?” he asked softly.

Techno nearly scoffed. “Of course. He’s my patron.”

“Then can you keep holding me?” Tommy asked, voice wavering.

Techno had almost forgotten that Tommy was still in his arms, pressed against his chest. It was a weird and sudden request, given the conversation they had been having, but who was Techno to deny it?

“Of course,” he said, lacing his hand through Tommy’s hair and pulling him closer.

Unsurprisingly, getting Tommy out of the war zone was easier said than done. After over a decade of non-stop conflict, the wasteland stretched out for miles in every direction, making it impossible to camp out or scavenge. Other than their weapons, both Tommy and Techno had no food, no water, and no supplies. Techno wasn't even sure where they were.

He had certainly been in worse situations. At least neither of them were actively bleeding out anymore.

Tommy, meanwhile, seemed to be in an extremely cheerful mood. The kid kept checking in on Techno, making sure the nonexistent gash on his stomach didn't magically reopen. Tommy had rebounded spectacularly from his healing-induced coma, chattering and bouncing around as though it was a normal day for the two of them.

Honestly, considering that Tommy had spent a good chunk of the afternoon unconscious, Techno was pretty relieved.

"Have you ever met a god, Technoblade?" Tommy asked, tugging at Techno's shirt.

The two of them were sorting through an abandoned wagon, clearly the victim of some forgotten military campaign. Besides a single gold coin, there didn't seem to be anything useful..

"Eh?" Techno said, looking over to Tommy. "Oh. No. I've never met a god."

Tommy rolled his eyes. "How would you know? Gods love to—I mean, I've heard that they love to come down among the mortals and pretend to be human. You could have met a dozen gods and you wouldn't even know the difference!"

"I'm a soldier, Tommy. The only new people I meet want to kill me. I'm pretty sure if I had come across a god, I would have been smited by now."

Tommy huffed, kicking the wagon wheel next to him.

Oh. Techno knew what this was about. "Have *you* met a god, Tommy?"

The boy's face lit up. "Totally, big man! I've met more gods than you can count!"

"Oh really? Name one."

"Death."

Techno's heart did a weird little jump. "Sorry, did you just say you've met Lady Death?"

"Yep!" Tommy said with a grin. "She's really nice."

Techno didn't even know how to approach the rest of this conversation.

Luckily, Tommy didn't give him much time to flounder. "Do you think you'd be happy if you met the Blood God?" he asked, picking at his fingernails.

Techno went back to searching the wagon. "I'd be honored, Tommy. But I don't think I'm important enough to be worth his time."

Tommy seemed to bristle at that. "Don't say that," he hissed.

Techno blinked at him in surprise.

"Don't," Tommy said, visibly trying to calm himself down, "say that you're not worth his time. You're worth it."

"It's okay, Toms," Techno said, "Gods are busy. Besides," he reached out to squeeze Tommy's hand, "I like spending my time with you."

At that, Tommy bit back a smile, looking a tad embarrassed. He quickly shook it off with his regular bravado.

"Yeah, I guess I'm pretty cool. Are we done with this fucking wagon yet?"

"What do you two think you're doing?"

Techno jumped up, immediately positioning himself between Tommy and the new voice. As Tommy peaked over his shoulder, Techno counted six soldiers approaching, all heavily armed.

Shit.

"We're delivering a message to your commander," Tommy piped up. Techno did his best not to glare at him.

"Uh, yeah," Techno continued, "What he said."

The lead soldier raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Which commander would that be?"

"Err, Commander Larkson?" Techno ventured.

The soldiers all unsheathed their weapons. The lead guy, if anything, had the absolute audacity to look thrilled by Techno's misstep.

"Commander Larkson died two months ago," he said, genuine glee dripping from his words.

Before any of the soldiers could make a move, Techno tackled Tommy behind the wagon.

"Are you spies or deserters?" the lead soldier asked, voice getting closer. "Ah well, I guess it doesn't really matter, does it? Punishment's the same either way."

Techno needed to get Tommy out of here, immediately, but these men weren't going to leave them alone without a fight. As good as he was, Techno couldn't take down six men at once, and if he told Tommy to run without him, the kid would be defenseless.

“Tommy, take this,” Techno said, handing the kid his bow and arrows. “I need you to cover me while I go out there. If something happens to me, you run. Got it?”

Tommy looked nervous.”Techno, I—”

“This bow is for you. I believe in you, alright?”

Tommy’s eyes went wide. Quickly, he glanced up at the sky.

“Come on,” he said, a crooked grin stretching across his face, “that’s *got* to count.”

Just as Techno opened his mouth to ask what he meant, Tommy stood up and shot one of the soldiers straight through the hand. Before that man’s weapon had even hit the ground, two more soldiers also found their dominant hands suddenly impaled. Just like that, half their attackers had dropped their weapons.

Techno was a bit too stunned to help, but it didn’t matter. Tommy shot the remaining three attackers just as quickly, though the sixth arrow missed its target slightly, driving into the man’s hip instead of his hand.

“Shit,” Tommy hissed. He grabbed Techno’s wrist and started running.

Techno let himself be pulled along. Tommy... Tommy didn’t know how to do things like that. Out of all the new recruits, he was one of the worst shots. The army hadn’t even bothered to give him his own bow, for that reason.

And yet here he was, holding the weapon like it was his birthright, with six trained men unarmed in under 30 seconds. It shouldn’t have been possible.

The two of them kept running, Tommy zigzagging with surprising experience, until Techno’s breath began to labor. Tommy seemed to realize it almost immediately, pulling Techno inside a bombed-out husk of a house. The roof was gone, but at least the walls gave some protection from wandering eyes.

“Are you okay?” Tommy asked, voice as steady as if they had been walking.

“How,” Techno panted, “How did you do that? With the arrows?”

Tommy looked down at the bow, still clutched tightly in the hand that wasn’t holding Techno’s wrist. “Lucky shot?”

“*Six* lucky shots? Tommy, I saw you in training. You couldn’t hit a boulder, let alone six hands in a row.”

“Five hands,” Tommy said, uncharacteristically bitter. “I missed the last one.”

“Tommy.”

“Look, Tech, I don’t know. Maybe it was adrenaline. I just—” Tommy cut himself off, suddenly looking quite upset.

Techno fought the urge to hug him. “What is it, Tommy?”

“I... I already almost lost you once today. I looked at those soldiers and I just... I couldn’t do it again. I couldn’t send you out there to fight for me.”

Techno had never been good with words, so he didn’t bother with them, instead choosing to wrap his arms around Tommy. The kid audibly sighed, melting into him.

Techno wanted to tell Tommy that he was too young to fight other people's battles. That he deserved to be protected. That Techno could be strong enough for the both of them. That he *had* to be.

Instead, he just sat the two of them down, leaning against the most solid-looking wall the building had to offer. The sun had set a little bit ago, and the weight of everything was finally setting in. He had questions, yes, but mostly, Techno wanted to rest. He wanted *Tommy* to rest.

“It’s been a long day,” Techno muttered. “Let’s go to bed.”

Tommy nodded, burying his face into Techno’s shoulder. He fell asleep quickly.

Techno rested his chin on Tommy’s head, looking up at the stars above them. The one upside to taking refuge in a bombed-out house was that there was no roof to block out the night sky.

Blood God, he prayed, please protect both of us. Tommy’s a good kid. He deserves better than what I can give him. Better than me.

Tommy stirred in his sleep, frowning slightly, but he relaxed as Techno rubbed circles into his back.

Amen.

Tommy looked peaceful when he slept. Far more peaceful than he ever looked awake. It almost made Techno forget the situation they were in.

“Goodnight, Toms,” Techno whispered, closing his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Techno: "I don't want Tommy to know what I'm thinking, so I'll just pray to the Blood God instead. This is a foolproof plan."

Tommy: 😞

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I was going to publish this story as one very long one-shot, but I loved both "Tommy saves Techno" scenes so much that I couldn't stop myself from posting the first half bit early (Also, there is just one scene in the second half that I can't get right and AGHHHH).

Also, I'm really bad at figuring out how bad the violence/gore in my fics are, so I tagged this as "Graphic Depictions of Violence" just in case. What do you guys think?

If any of you came from the Shapeshifter!Tommy AU, don't worry! I'm almost done with the last few chapters and I will post them all soon. I just got distracted by the idea of Tommy adopting SBI instead of the other way 'round.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Tommy wasn't exactly well-liked among the company. He had the tendency to be a bit brash and overbearing, always picking unnecessary arguments. Techno found it endearing. Most of his fellow comrades found it insufferable.*

*Still, Techno wasn't expecting the situation to escalate so drastically.*

*He had been a bit concerned when Tommy didn't show up to training that morning. The kid should have been alongside all the other new recruits, learning how to parry and swipe. He had seemed excited about it at breakfast, bragging that he was "the biggest man" and "going to stab the shit out of some bitches."*

*And then he didn't show. It was a bit disconcerting.*

*Techno walked up to one of the other instructors. "Private Tommy Innit isn't here," he said, voice low enough that the other recruits couldn't eavesdrop.*

*The instructor smiled. "Yeah, I noticed that it was a bit quieter than usual."*

*"Uhhhh, yeah." There was an awkward pause. "I'm going to go find him."*

*The instructor sighed, turning back to watch the recruits. "Well, all good things must come to an end, I guess. I'll hold down the fort until you get back."*

*Techno frowned, but decided not to push it. He just mumbled "thanks" and walked off.*

*Tommy wasn't in the barracks or the mess hall. He wasn't outside the war room or hiding in the bathrooms. The armory, kitchens, infirmary, and recreation spaces were similarly empty. In fact, he didn't seem to be anywhere at all.*

*Techno had just about given up, walking back to the training grounds, when he heard it.*

*"Oi, fuck off—!" a young voice yelled, before getting suddenly cut off.*

*Techno stopped. That... that sounded like—*

*"Get the fuck away from me!" Tommy screamed. He sounded panicked. "Look, I really don't want to hurt anyone..."*

*Techno started running toward the sound, which was coming from behind the barracks. He cursed himself for not being more thorough.*

*As he turned the corner, Techno spotted two soldiers, a man and a woman, standing over someone. Tommy was on the ground, propped up against the wall. He was tilting his head*

*back, desperately trying to stop the blood flowing from his nose.*

*“Oh come on!” Tommy whined, “You bitches are—”*

*The man kicked him in the ribs, successfully knocking Tommy the rest of the way to the ground.*

*“Have some fucking respect,” the man hissed, pulling his leg back for another kick.*

*Before the blow could land, Techno grabbed the man’s shoulder, yanking him away from Tommy. Then he punched him in the face.*

*“Shit, dude!” The man said, rubbing his jaw as he stumbled back, “What the fuck was that for?”*

*“Leave,” Techno growled, “now.”*

*“What?” the woman asked incredulously. Techno turned to look at her. “Are you serious? This brat needs to be taught a fucking lesson!”*

*“I outrank everyone here,” Techno continued, anger seeping into his voice, “If you don’t leave now, I’ll have you court martialed for assaulting a fellow soldier.”*

*The woman visibly paled, but her friend just scoffed.*

*“Come on, dude. You can’t be serious.”*

*Techno cracked his knuckles. “We can do this the hard way, if you want.”*

*“Really? Last I checked, there’s two of us and only one of you.”*

*Techno punched him in the face again, sending him to the ground. This time, when his fist hit the man’s nose, Techno felt something crack.*

*The man quickly pushed himself back up, looking over to his friend. “Don’t just stand there, idiot!”*

*Techno turned just in time to see the woman pull out a knife. Fuck. Techno was completely unarmed, and although he was highly trained, the soldier in front of him still had the clear advantage.*

*Techno steadied himself on his feet, preparing for an unfair fight. He had to defend Tommy.*

*Eyes trained on the knife, Techno watched as it surged forward, pointed directly at him. Then, he watched as it slipped out of the woman’s hand, embedding itself in the dirt.*

*Tommy’s leg was stretched out, right under where the woman had been running. He had tripped her.*

*“You don’t get to fucking touch him,” Tommy hissed, eyes burning with a sudden fury.*



*Techno didn't waste any time. Grabbing the knife from the ground, he dashed in front of Tommy, blocking him from the attackers' views.*

*"I won't say this again," Techno growled, fury dripping from each of his words, "Leave. Now."*

*Both soldiers got up quickly and scurried off. Techno would deal with them later. For now, he had something more important to focus on.*

*Setting the knife down, Techno kneeled in front of Tommy, holding the teen's face in his hands as he looked for injuries. Tommy's nose was bleeding and his chest was heavily bruised, but assuming his ribs weren't broken, it wasn't anything too bad.*

*Still, the sight of those injuries on Tommy... the memory of those soldiers kicking the kid while he was already down... it set off something fierce and protective in Techno's chest.*

*"Are you okay?" Techno asked, hands still cupping Tommy's face. "Where does it hurt most?"*

*"I'm fine," Tommy grumbled, wincing as he tried to sit up.*

*Techno fought the urge to snort. "Sure, says the kid whose chest is turning into a watercolor painting."*

*"I'm not a kid!" Tommy said, glaring at Techno. "And I could have won, by the way. I just didn't want to accidentally kill them."*

*"Yeah, yeah. Let's get you to the infirmary." Techno lifted Tommy up gently, helping him get back on his feet. The teen almost immediately crumpled into Techno, who easily supported his weight.*

*"Don't bother," Tommy grumbled, "I'll literally be fine by tomorrow. It's a waste of time, I just need to take a nap."*

*"Yeah, no. We're going to make sure nothing is broken."*

*"I don't need your help," Tommy scowled, "I can protect myself."*

*Techno wiped a bit of blood off Tommy's chin. "You don't have to, though. That's kind of the whole point of being brothers-in-arms. We protect each other."*

*Tommy looked up at Techno. The emotion in his eyes was impossible to read.*

*"Fine," the kid said firmly, "We'll protect each other, then."*

---

Techno was a bit surprised to realize that Tommy had woken up first. He was used to practically dragging the kid out of bed with threats of missing breakfast, so seeing him up and about at the crack of dawn was unexpected.

The moment Techno sat up, Tommy's eyes shot to him, energetic and alert.

"You're awake!" Tommy said cheerfully, "I've got breakfast!"

Techno blinked as Tommy set a few apples in front of him. Carefully, he picked up one of them and turned it over in his hand. It looked fresh, hardly something that could have been scavenged in these wastelands. Honestly, if Techno had gotten an apple as good as this in the mess hall, he would have left it as a sacrifice to the Blood God.

"Tommy," Techno said slowly, "Where did you get this?"

Tommy smiled innocently. "I found them before you woke up."

"Where?" Techno asked.

"There's a tree or something over there," Tommy said, waving his hand behind his back nonchalantly. "Uh, no apples left on it though. I took the last few."

Techno raised his eyebrow. "You didn't do something stupid, did you?"

"What?" Tommy asked, voice rising sharply in pitch. "Technoblade. Tech-no-blade. No. I did not do anything *'stupid.'* Why would you even think that?"

Techno looked at Tommy blankly. "Tommy."

"Techno, what would I have even done? There's nothing for at least a mile in any direction."

It was a good point. Techno looked back down at the apples. There were three of them.

"You eat two," he said, handing two of the fruits to Tommy.

The kid shook his head, pushing them back towards Techno. "No, I ate before you woke up. You can have all of them."

Techno frowned. "Fine. But we're saving one for you for lunch."

"Tech—"

"No buts, or else I'm saving all three for you."

Tommy scowled. "Fine."

As Techno sliced into the first apple with his knife, Tommy began recounting his dream from the night before. It felt almost normal, like they were sitting across from each other in the mess hall before training.

“... and you were there, but you were fucking tall as shit— Sorry, what are you doing?” Tommy asked.

Techno had set a large slice of apple on the ground. “I’m making a sacrifice to the Blood God,” he said simply.

“*What?* ” Tommy asked incredulously.

“Shhh,” Techno shushed. Closing his eyes, he clasped his hands in prayer.

*Blood God, thank you for protecting Tommy and I. I know this sacrifice isn’t much, but I hope*  
—

“Techno, you said you’d eat both apples,” Tommy interrupted.

Techno sighed. “Look Tommy, I know it’s hard to believe, but the Blood God is helping protect us right now. We need to show him our thanks.”

Tommy looked at him in complete disbelief. “I think... the Blood God would want you to eat both apples.”

“Tommy—”

“You’re no good to him if you starve to death,” Tommy insisted, picking up the apple slice and wiping the dirt off.

“Tommy!” Techno barked, unable to keep the harshness from his voice.

Tommy seemed completely unfazed, handing the slice out to Techno. “Eat both apples,” he said firmly, “You can sacrifice something else to the Blood God.”

“Kid, I don’t know if you realize this, but we are currently on the run. I don’t have anything else to give.”

Tommy sighed deeply. “Alright. We can skip the sacrifice then.”

Techno started rubbing his face. “Tommy—”

His thought was interrupted by the sound of horse hooves in the distance. Both deserters froze, listening to the approaching sound. It was immediately clear that the noise was getting louder.

“Get down,” Techno hissed, pushing Tommy to the ground. The boy didn’t protest.

Carefully, Techno crawled to the window, peaking out. There were at least 15 soldiers, all on horseback, circling the house. At least two of them, to Techno’s frustration, were trackers. Commanding the troops was a man with a heavily bandaged right hand.

Techno turned back to Tommy, who was looking up at him nervously.

“Do they know we’re here?” Tommy whispered loudly.

Techno nodded. “The commander you shot in the hand yesterday is leading them.”

“Aw man,” Tommy groaned, “You don’t think he’s the ‘let bygones be bygones’ type, do you?”

“Private Thomas Innit and Sergeant Techno Blade,” the commander said, sounding insultingly enthusiastic, “Surrender yourselves now or we will be forced to burn your hideout to the ground.”

“How many people are out there?” Tommy asked, voice a bit panicked.

“15, at least. I’m not quite sure. A few went around back.”

Tommy visibly paled. “Alright,” he muttered, mainly to himself, “I’ve faced worse odds.”

“Can’t you just shoot them all through the hands again?” Techno asked, eyes darting to the bow.

“That was kind of a one-time deal thing,” Tommy grimaced, “I can’t exactly pull that trick out of my back pocket.”

“You’re not even going to try?”

“Trust me, Techno,” Tommy said, getting up off the ground, “I’m a very talented and handsome man, but it’d be a complete waste of arrows.”

"We know you're in there!" the commander yelled, "You have 30 seconds!"

Fuck. *Fuck*. Techno just needed time to *think*, to figure out a way to get Tommy out of this situation. If they tried to fight, they’d be slaughtered within seconds. If they tried to run, they’d be cut down before they made it 50 yards. Even if they miraculously managed to slip away, the trackers would find them long before they escaped the warzone.

A jolt of horrified understanding shot through Techno. They had to turn themselves over. Techno would get executed for deserting, sure, but maybe he could negotiate something better for Tommy. Claim he kidnapped him. Take all the blame.

But if that fell through, then he was leading Tommy to his death. How could he accept that?

Techno looked at Tommy. The kid seemed to be coming to the same conclusions himself.

“Tommy, I think—”

“Sacrifice something to the Blood God,” Tommy interrupted, suddenly serious.

“What? Tommy, we don’t have time—”

“Techno.” There was a spark of something terrible in Tommy’s eyes, as horrific as watching his own death. Techno felt his blood run cold. “Sacrifice something. Now.”

Without thinking, Techno set down the apple he had been saving for Tommy’s lunch.

“No, no!” Tommy seemed to be getting frustrated. “Something more than that. It’s got to be important!”

Techno didn't have much that was valuable. He had joined the army with only the clothes on his back, and anything he got thereafter was either traded away for better weapons or immediately left on the Blood God’s altar.

There was one exception. For his years of service and sacrifice, Techno had been awarded several medals of honor which hung from his uniform. They shone gold in the sunlight, and Techno often ran his fingers over them late at night, marveling at their simple beauty. How a poor boy from a dead town could hold such honorable treasures against his chest always astounded him. Each one marked a life saved, a battle won, a moment survived. They proved his identity as a warrior.

The medals were the most valuable thing Techno owned. They were also worthless compared to a chance at Tommy’s safety.

Techno unclasped the metal trinkets from his uniform, dropping them beside the apple.

“For the Blood God,” Techno muttered, clasping his hands together in prayer, “Please. Protect us.”

Tommy’s body slumped with relief. “Thank you.”

And then, so sharply that it scared Techno, Tommy’s entire body went stiff, eyes widening.

“Tommy?” Techno asked, reaching for the boy’s arm, “What is it—?”

But before Techno could grab Tommy, the kid raced towards the front door, dashing into what had once been a front yard.

“Tommy!” Techno yelled, immediately running after him.

Tommy was standing before the soldiers, hands clenched tightly into fists. With a bolt of dread, Techno realized that both of them were completely unarmed, having left their weapons inside.

“Here to surrender yourself, kid?” the commander asked, leering down at Tommy.

Tommy started growling, hair flapping wildly in a sudden gust of wind. As Techno moved to step in front of him, a few of the soldiers raised their bows and—

Techno had felt pain before. He knew the feeling of a knife in his side, of an arrow in his leg. He knew the feeling of a club against his skull and a mace against his back. He knew hunger and dehydration, frostbite and heat stroke, exhaustion and fever. He knew what it was like to

watch helplessly as everyone he had ever loved died in front of him, only to relive it in his dreams every night after. Techno *knew* pain.

This sensation was not like any of those. This, after a moment of piercing, horrible brilliance, was the absence of everything.

Techno couldn't tell if that was better or worse.

In front of him, a soldier's nose began to bleed. To his left, another was coughing up clots of blood. One to his far right was clawing at bleeding ears, crying out in horror. Yet another had blood draining from his eyes, his cheeks stained cherry-red.

Or at least, that's what Techno thought was happening. All of his senses felt tinged around the edges, as though something parasitic was eating away at them.

One by one, the soldiers dropped to the ground, limp and uniquely bloody. Tommy stood before all of them, palms outstretched as though in offering, turned away from Techno.

*Tommy.* What was happening to Tommy?

Then, from within the nothingness, came the voices, screaming and echoing in Techno's head like a ravenous mob, screeching and begging and urging him to *run, run, you're not safe here, not with him—*

Until finally, all at once, the feeling subsided, leaving Techno gasping for air. He felt immediately lightheaded, but that was the least of his concerns as he stumbled towards Tommy.

"Techno!" Tommy said, turning around with a big smile, "Wasn't that cool—?"

The boy was cut off as Techno's arms were thrown around him.

"Did it hurt you?" Techno gasped, clinging to Tommy as though he was about to be torn away.

"What? No, Tech, I'm fine. Not a scratch on me, see?"

The relief that sunk through Techno's body pulled him to the ground, taking Tommy along with him.

"Woah, big man!" Tommy yelped. His kneeling form was the only thing keeping Techno even partially upright, "Are you okay? Don't worry, none of these guys are dead! I mean, a few are probably going to have some long-term issues, but it's going to be fine, I promise!"

Every thought he'd ever had was leaving Techno's head. Vacantly, he felt as though he might be sick.

"Techno, are you okay? You're not lightheaded, are you? You weren't supposed to— It wasn't supposed— How close were you standing to me?"

Techno's vision was starting to go black around the edges. He couldn't bring himself to fight it, so he just closed his eyes as he let his body go limp.

"Techno!" Tommy shouted. He sounded so distant and scared. That was no good. "Don't close your eyes! You have to get up!"

Something tightened around his arms.

"Techno, there's— there's more people coming," the voice begged. For some reason, Techno couldn't place who was speaking to him. It was all too difficult. "You have to wake up! I need another sacrifice! Please!"

The words became sounds and the sounds became nothing as Techno felt himself drift into darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

TECHNO'S NOT DEAD. He's just not doing very well lol. That's what happens when a godly power accidentally fucks with all the blood inside your body. You feel a bit under the weather.

If you like fics about Tommy being protective towards Techno, please check out my new one-shot ["Throw the Walls into the Fireplace."](#) I promise you will (probably) like it!

I actually wasn't sure how I felt about this fic when I published the first chapter, so I was pretty excited when so many of you seemed to like it! At least three of you offered your firstborns for another chapter and one of you even offered your whole bloodline, so who was I to refuse the offer! Hope you're enjoying so far.

EDIT: Woah we're at 6699 words! Nice ;)

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*It had been 21 days since Techno's village had been attacked. He knew this because he had been drawing little tallies in the dirt next to where he slept, under a bush in the woods.*

*The bush wasn't so bad. At first, there had been some berries on it, which had been tasty and only made Techno's stomach cramp up a little. After that, it had been where his tallies were. Overall, he told himself repeatedly, things were okay.*

*Techno had only tried to go back home once, eight days after everything happened. About twenty steps into the village, he had seen the body of the baker's wife on the cobblestone, head smashed in and dress ripped half to pieces.*

*He didn't enter the village again after that. He knew what he'd find.*

*Techno had been completely alone for the entire 21 days. He was mostly relieved about this. Everyone he knew was gone. If anyone appeared, it would probably be those scary soldiers that chased him in his dreams every night. He did not want that at all.*

*But there were drawbacks to his new lifestyle. For example, Techno had not eaten a full meal since entering the woods. He had plucked several berry bushes completely bare, but his stomach still seemed to fold in on itself with every step. The village's crop fields had been burned to the ground. The livestock had been slaughtered alongside their owners. There was nothing to eat and nothing to do about it.*

*Techno didn't let himself cry. He was too big for tears. That's what his father had always told him, pulling him by the ear and shaking his finger.*

*At night, Techno would curl up into a ball, wrapping his arms around himself. He could almost imagine it was his mother's arms holding him close. When he felt especially cold and lonely, he'd pretend the wind in his hair was his father's hands, though he never quite fooled himself.*

*Techno was completely and utterly alone. That's why it was so weird to see someone standing in front of him.*

*If it was any consolation, the teenager in question looked just as startled as Techno felt, shoulders tense and eyes wide.*

*"Sorry," the teenager said, gaze darting around the woodland clearing, "I didn't think anyone would still be here."*

*Techno looked him up and down. The stranger had startling, bright, blue eyes and a straightforward red shirt, but no armor or weapons. That meant he probably wasn't an enemy*



*soldier.*

*“It’s nice to meet you” the teenager said, interrupting Techno’s train of thought. There was a smile stretched across the stranger’s face.*

*“Hullo,” Techno whispered, voice quiet.*

*The teenager beamed at him, a little more genuine. “There we go! What’s your name?”*

*Techno sniffled. “‘M Technoblade.”*

*If possible, the teenager’s smile got even wider. “Technoblade,” he said slowly, as though tasting the word in his mouth, “That’s a very good name. Makes you sound really tough.”*

*Techno didn’t want to sound tough. He wanted his mom and dad back. He wanted the brothers next door to play tag with him. He wanted to pet the cat that lived under the front porch.*

*But all of it was gone. He’d never have any of it ever again.*

*“Oh no, don’t cry!” the teenager said, looking quite frantic, “Shit, please don’t cry.”*

*Techno hadn’t even noticed the tears running down his cheeks. He rubbed his face on his sleeves, immediately embarrassed.*

*“‘M not crying,” he muttered, balling his hands up into little fists.*

*The teenager nodded. “No, of course not. But even if you were, it’d be totally fine! Big men are always in touch with their emotions. I cry all the time!”*

*Techno looked at him suspiciously. “That’s because you’re little,” he said.*

*The teenager practically squawked. “I’m not little! You’re, like, half my size! If anything, you’re the little one!”*

*Techno bit back a smile. At that same moment, his stomach started to growl.*

*The indignation slipped from the teenager’s face, replaced with something sadder.*

*“Do you want something to eat?” he asked in a surprisingly soft voice.*

*Techno’s eyes narrowed. What did this guy want from him?*

*“I ate a really big dinner, and this thing is weighing me down,” the teenager said, pulling out a baked potato from behind his back. Techno blinked. Where had that come from?*

*“What do you want for it?” Techno asked, giving his best glare.*

*“Nothing!” the teenager said, wiping a speck of something reddish-brown from the potato’s well-baked skin, “I’m just tired of carrying it, you know?”*

*Techno's glare intensified.*

*"Um, fine," the teenager said, looking a bit put off, "You want a trade? I'm supposed to walk to the next town over. If you help me, you can have this potato."*

*Techno's face dropped. "I dunno where any other towns are..." he said softly.*

*"Oh, it's okay!" the teenager interrupted, "I know where the town is, I just need help getting there! Does that sound okay to you?"*

*That sounded like a very dumb trade. Techno would barely be helping, and he'd get a whole baked potato out of it. But if this guy wanted to be stupid, Techno wasn't going to stop him.*

*"Okay," Techno said, nodding solemnly. Even if this was a dumb job, he was going to take it seriously. A trade was a trade.*

*Another smile. "Thanks, big man," the teenager said, handing the baked potato over.*

*Techno grabbed it immediately, tearing into it near-ravenously. The teenager yelped, yanking his hand back, but made no move to stop the meal taking place in front of him.*

*As soon as Techno finished, he looked back up expectantly.*

*"Right..." the teenager said, looking down at Techno with a strange expression. He held out his hand. "Let's go then."*

*Techno eyed the hand suspiciously. This guy didn't seem very smart. He'd probably wander off if Techno wasn't paying attention.*

*Knowing this, he took the hand reluctantly. The teenager beamed.*

*The walk to the next town over was peaceful. Secretly, Techno had been worried about having enough energy to make the trek, but the longer he held the teenager's hand, the stronger he felt. It was as though with every step, a bit more of his hunger and exhaustion slipped away.*

*Regardless, just having company was a relief. Techno's mother had always been talkative, chatting and singing all day as she worked. Techno had spent his entire life surrounded by her familiar sound. The teenager wasn't quite like her, but after days in near-silence, he was close enough.*

*"... but obviously, I told her, 'I'm a big man with many wives, I don't need to take this from you—' Oh."*

*Techno had been leaning most of his weight against the teenager. Even though he was feeling better, the walk was still a long one. His legs were getting tired.*

*"You know," the teenager said casually, "I think we might be nearing the town. If I pick you up, you could help me spot it easier."*

*Techno blinked slowly. That made sense, so he nodded.*

*Gently, the teenager picked Techno up. He couldn't see much better from up here, but it wasn't any worse, so he let himself nestle against the teenager's chest. The rhythmic swing of the steps reminded him of his father rocking him to sleep. It was nice.*

*Slowly, Techno drifted off. For the first time in 21 days, he did not dream of fire and death.*

*"Technoblade," a voice whispered eventually, "Could you wake up for me, big man?"*

*Techno peaked his eyes open. They were on the outskirts of a large town. The sun was rising over the horizon. That... that didn't make sense. Hadn't it been evening when they left? Had they been walking all night?*

*"There we go!" the teenager said in an impossibly soft voice, "there's my brave little guy. Do you think you'll be okay if I leave you here? This town is pretty big. I'm sure you can find someone to look after you."*

*Techno rubbed his eyes. He wasn't really sure what was going on, but he nodded.*

*The teenager smiled. Slowly and with great care, he kissed Techno on the forehead. Something warm seemed to rush through the kid's bloodstream, making the tips of his fingers and toes feel strange and tingly in a good way. Sighing, he pushed himself deeper into the teenager's chest.*

*"I've got to leave you here," the teenager said, gently prying Techno's little fingers from his shirt, "But you're going to be okay. And if you ever need any help, you can just pray to the Blood God. He'll protect you. I promise." A bit of hair was brushed behind Techno's ear. "He's your patron god, after all. He loves you, Technoblade. Make sure you remember that."*

*Techno opened his eyes, wondering how the teenager could know a thing like that, but there was no one there. Suddenly frantic, Techno looked around, but besides a slight, distant bustle in the town's streets, there was nothing.*

*All the strength Techno had felt in the teenager's arms was gone. He was suddenly starving again, though he wasn't as tired. So, with his stomach rumbling, Techno made his way into town.*

*Vendors were beginning to set up their stalls, but each glared at Techno as he passed, their gazes pushing him forward. With a frown, Techno realized he must have looked terrible, covered in dirt from the woods and soot from his home village. He had no money or skills. How was he supposed to feed himself?*

*Two soldiers turned the corner in front of him, clearly performing some kind of morning patrol. When they spotted him, they both came to a sudden stop.*

*One knelt down in front of Techno, looking at him with outright concern.*

*"Hello young man," he said, "Do you have any parents?"*

*Techno shook his head. His stomach growled again.*

*The soldier looked up at his partner, who nodded firmly.*

*“Right then,” the soldier said, standing back up with a purpose, “Let’s get you some breakfast.”*

---

Techno woke to a slap in the face and the sound of Tommy screaming.

“Get your fucking hands off him!” Tommy yelled. Techno blinked his eyes, trying to make sense of his surroundings. “I’m going to fucking kill all of you!”

“Hey, can someone shut that kid up?” the commander’s voice said.

Techno turned his head just in time to see Tommy get punched in the stomach. The boy immediately doubled over, but the two soldiers holding him yanked him back to his feet before he could hit the ground.

Techno struggled to move towards him, but as his body tried to jerk forward, he realized his wrists and ankles were tied down.

Suddenly, Techno registered the feeling of cold stone underneath him. He recognized the intricate red details on the ceiling above him and the specific echo of everyone’s voices. He had been here before, many times.

Techno’s stomach plummeted. He was on the Blood God’s altar. He was about to be sacrificed.

The commander walked over to him, leaning over Techno slightly.

“Good morning, Sleeping Beauty,” he said with a smile, “You know, we never got a proper introduction. The name’s Schlatt.”

Techno tried to look back at Tommy, but Schlatt was standing in the way. “Please,” Techno said, “Let the kid go. I’m the one who forced him to desert. He wasn’t even conscious when we left.”

“If I were you, I’d be more worried about myself than the kid,” Schlatt said, nearly laughing, “Which one of you is about to become a human sacrifice?”

“If you let the kid go, I won’t struggle. I’ll let you kill me,” Techno bargained, trying to keep the desperation from his voice.

“No—!” Tommy yelled, but he was quickly silenced again.

“See, I don’t know if you realize this,” Schlatt said, leaning slightly against the altar, “but you’re already tied up. It doesn’t really matter to me if you struggle or not. Actually, it might

be more fun if you do.”

Techno pulled at his restraints again. They were beginning to rub his skin raw, but he didn’t care. He had to do *something*.

“You should be honored,” Schlatt continued, making no reference to Techno’s struggle, “We’re sacrificing you to the Blood God. Aren’t you supposed to be a big fan of his?” Something in Schlatt’s face soured. “He hasn’t acknowledged a single one of our sacrifices. Maybe you’ll be what finally gets his attention.”

“Fuck you, you bastard!” Tommy screamed. If he stretched his neck, Techno could just barely make out the kid’s frantic movements.

Schlatt turned around. “What on earth is your problem?”

Tommy’s face was filled with a rage Techno could barely recognize. “You will never know a moment’s peace, even in death,” the kid growled, practically spitting his words. “I will *personally* make sure your afterlife is one of eternal torment for even daring to touch him! I curse your bloodline! Your descendants will crawl to me on their knees, begging for mercy, and I will spit in their eyes!”

“Wow. Very dramatic,” Schlatt said, looking back at Techno. “You raised him like this?”

“Ponk!” Tommy screamed, struggling to break free with a renewed vigor, “Kristin! Foolish! Callahan, Karl, Drista, XD, anyone! Please! Please help me!”

“Ugh, somebody please gag him,” Schlatt groaned, rolling his eyes over-dramatically. “He’s giving me a headache.”

One of the soldiers jammed a piece of fabric into Tommy’s mouth, only narrowly avoiding being bitten. Then, the soldier tied a rope tightly to keep the gag in place. Tommy’s face quickly turned red, as though he was beginning to choke.

Techno wanted to kill each and every soldier in this shrine. Somehow, watching the men silence Tommy was worse than any other injustice the two of them had suffered. They were stealing Tommy’s *voice*. He wanted to rip their tongues out. He wanted to make them *pay*.

He looked back at Schlatt, a new fury boiling under his skin. “I,” Techno growled, “am going to rip your spine from your throat and strangle you with it.”

Schlatt had the nerve to laugh. “I see where the kid gets it from! I’m going to have fun torturing him once we’re done with you.”

Techno’s eyes widened. Schlatt recognized the new expression with glee.

“You didn’t think I was just going to let the kid go, did you?” Schlatt asked, eyebrows raised in mock confusion. “He *shot* me. I might never get full control of this hand again, did you know that? And whatever he did this morning to fuck with me and my men...” The commander’s smile fell. “Death is too good for him.”

“It was self defense,” Techno said, desperately looking at Tommy. The kid showed no fear, only that same terrible anger as before.

“Self defense?” Schlatt laughed, “This is war.”

All words left Techno as the commander turned around, motioning for the soldiers to pull Tommy forward.

“Bring him here,” Schlatt ordered, “I want you to make sure he watches.”

Tommy physically jumped at the chance to get closer to Techno, pulling as hard as he could against the men holding him back.

“Like a puppy on a leash, huh?” Schlatt said, motioning another soldier over. The new man pulled out his sword, positioning it over Techno’s chest. “It’s a shame you weren’t able to protect him.”

Techno met Tommy’s gaze. For the first time since he woke up, the boy look terrified.

Techno had failed him. He was going to die here and now, and he had failed the only person he loved.

“Tommy, I’m so sorr—”

The sword plunged through Techno’s heart before he could finish. As his eyes shot up towards the ceiling, he couldn’t even manage to scream. The agony was overwhelming, with hot blood bubbling up his throat. Every corner of his brain was hyperfocused on the wave of pain that clawed at his very being. His mind screamed for a way to end it, end it all, to find any way to stop this suffering. He couldn’t even thrash or curl up, with the sword and restraints pinning him down against the stone, so instead, he let himself begin to die.

*Protect him* , Techno prayed. It was his last fully coherent thought before things began to go dark.

His blood was pooling on the altartop, red and warm, almost gluing him to his final resting place. Tommy was screaming something through the gag, but Techno wouldn’t have been able to make out the words even if he wasn’t dying.

The sword was pulled from Techno’s chest. Against all odds, the pain doubled.

“Blood God!” Schlatt yelled, raising his hands towards the ceiling of the shrine, “Accept our sacrifice!”

Then, all at once, the pain disappeared. Techno’s hand clutched his chest with a gasp, restraints suddenly gone. What was happening? Had he finally died?

Caught half in a daze, Techno turned look at Tommy.

His heart almost stopped.

The soldiers who had been holding Tommy had been reduced to piles of flesh and blood at the boy's feet, more meat than person. Techno watched as the gag in Tommy's mouth became mere ash, blowing away instantly in the howling winds that began circling the room, hurling anything not pinned down against the walls. The boy's clothes seemed to seep red, the former whites and blues of the fabric stained with something darker.

But what stunned Techno most were the eyes. Tommy's gaze was one of bright red light, inhuman and terrible. The expression on the kid's face was past anger, past fury or rage or wrath. It seemed stuck in the realm of *madness*, horrifying in a way Techno couldn't fully comprehend.

The voices he had heard that morning returned to his head, banging against his skull like prisoners.

*Run!* they screamed, overlapping in chaos, *Run! Run! He'll kill you, eat your soul, tear out your throat, bind you to him, blood, blood, blood for the Blood God, run, run!*

Techno's entire sense of self recognized the being in front of him as a predator, and his whole body tensed in fear, still on the altar. He was closer to a fawn than a soldier, closer to prey than a human being.

And yet, as the god turned to look at him, Techno could still recognize his little brother.

"Tommy," he whispered, voice disappearing instantly in the wind as he sat up. Every molecule of his being told him to run, to show his neck and beg for mercy, to escape, but he couldn't. This was *Tommy. His Tommy*. The same boy who had slept in his arms just the night before, who had given him breakfast and insisted he eat all of it, who rambled at every opportunity and always looked at him with such admiration. Even in this form, Techno could only see the child he loved.

The danger in Tommy's face receded slightly as he met Techno's gaze. And then, with a flick of the god's hand, the soldier who had stabbed Techno through the heart started screaming.

Techno turned to watch as the man clawed at his skin, steaming blood leaking from every pore. Within seconds he was on the floor, dead.

Schlatt looked at his former lackey in horror, eyes darting around the room as every other soldier collapsed, blood spilling from impossible holes and invisible wounds.

***I warned you,*** Tommy said, but the voice was not coming from him. It was as though the sound had always existed within Techno's mind, just waiting to be remembered. Every syllable proved its ancientness, marking itself as beyond the scope of full mortal comprehension. Distantly, Techno felt his nose begin to bleed. ***I told you he was mine, and yet you still tried to take him from me.***

"Please," Schlatt gasped, falling to his knees, "have mercy on me!"

Tommy smiled, but there was none of his usual boyish warmth in it. It was the smile of a predator toying with his kill.

***I will show you the same mercy you showed him,*** Tommy crooned, raising his hand, ***Give Lady Death my regards, dickhead.***

With a clench of Tommy's fist, Schlatt's body shriveled like a dried-out fruit, as though every last drop of moisture had been ripped from him. The man did not scream as his corpse hit the floor. He was already gone.

And just like that, Tommy was Tommy once again, eyes blinking slowly as he staggered forward, unable to keep his balance.

Techno surged towards him, catching Tommy moments before he hit the ground. Blood and something worse seeped into Techno's pants, staining his knees, but he didn't care.

"Tommy?" Techno asked, frantically brushing the boy's hair out of his face, "Please, say something."

Tommy's eyes fluttered open. He smiled, a little woozy and lopsided. "'Ello Tech," he slurred, "'Ow goes it?"

Techno laughed in relief. "You really scared me there for a second, kid."

"I scared *you*?" Tommy asked, eyes wide. He seemed to be quickly coming back to himself. "I thought you were going to die!"

"Aw come on," Techno said, still smiling, "Technoblade never dies. You should know that."

Tommy clutched the front of Techno's shirt, pulling him closer. "Technoblade never dies," he repeated firmly, planting his face into Techno's chest, "I won't let you. We protect each other."

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Techno didn't ask any questions in that bloodied shrine. Instead, he carried Tommy out, walking with a purpose. He wanted to bring the kid as far away from that altar as possible. Someone else could find the bodies and deal with them. It wasn't their problem anymore.

With the boy in his arms, he felt stronger than he had all day. Tommy certainly had no complaints, half asleep and breathing deeply.

Eventually, Techno found shelter in another abandoned building. This one looked far more stable than the previous night's accommodations, with a roof overhead and nearly every wall intact. Only the windows seemed truly broken, probably blown in by some TNT explosion.

"Let me," Tommy said as Techno sat down, kid leaning against his side, "I've still got some juice left."



With a wave of Tommy's hand, a campfire appeared, bright and warm but emitting no smoke, alongside some fresh bread and water.

Techno pulled Tommy a little closer. "You're the Blood God," he said quietly.

Tommy nodded, twisting himself to look at Techno. "I'm honestly surprised you didn't figure it out sooner. I've never been very good at the whole 'human disguise' thing."

Techno hesitated as Tommy reached forward, picking up a small loaf of bread and handing it to him. "If you're a god," Techno finally asked, "Why didn't you do more, sooner?"

Tommy's face fell. He turned his head towards the fire, expression unreadable.

"People..." Tommy paused, as though picking his next words carefully. "People think us gods are all-powerful, or whatever. That's completely wrong. A god is only as powerful as our believers make us. The more sacrifices we get, the stronger we become. If we're forgotten, we disappear." Tommy smiled, but it looked hollow. "You're my first follower in a long time."

Techno frowned. "But the generals, they offer sacrifices to you—"

"I won't fucking take them!" Tommy yelled, sitting up suddenly, "They think— They think just because I'm the Blood God, I want blood sacrifices. *Human* sacrifices. They tie up those poor prisoners and they... and they..." Tommy looked distraught, but he pulled himself together. "It's always been like this. But I won't accept those sacrifices! I won't! I don't care if it makes me the weakest god alive! I don't care if I waste away!"

Techno paused. "My village..."

Tommy's face crumpled with pain. "I'm so sorry, Techno." Tommy turned away, as though it hurt too much to look his friend in the eyes. "I used to think it was better to accept those kinds of sacrifices. So the victims didn't die for nothing, you know? But that just encouraged more blood! The people thought I wanted it!" Tommy ran his hand through his hair. "So I pulled back entirely. I don't care if they think I abandoned them, or if they think I'm a myth. It's better if the world forgets about me entirely." He hesitated for a moment, before looking back at Techno with a face of deep regret. "I'm sorry that I couldn't save any of them."

For the first time, Techno could see Tommy's age. He could believe that the kid had witnessed centuries. It seemed to weigh down on his shoulders and chest, suffocating him.

Techno reached for Tommy's arm. The boy shrugged him off. "You said you couldn't save anyone in my village," Techno said, "That's not true. You saved me."

Tommy looked back at Techno for a moment. Then, he plastered on a smile. "Well, the baked potato you left for me was *really* fucking good."

Before Techno could say anything more, Tommy moved away, reaching behind his back.

"I have something for you, by the way," he said, looking uncharacteristically nervous.

Pulling his hand back out, Tommy revealed Techno's medals of honor, shinier and cleaner than he remembered them.

"I know they mean a lot to you," Tommy said, picking up one of Techno's hands and cupping it. Then, he placed the medals gently in Techno's hold, as though they were the most valuable objects in the world. "It can't have been easy to sacrifice them, so thanks."

Techno looked at the medals for a moment. Then, without another thought, he dropped them to the floor, pulling Tommy to his chest. The boy crumpled into him, digging his fingers into Techno's shirt.

"Thank you," Techno said softly, "for keeping me safe all these years. It can't have been easy."

"I should have done more," Tommy said, eyes tearing up. "I'm a shitty patron. I should have been able to do more."

"You did everything you could," Techno insisted, rubbing circles into Tommy's back.

The boy took a deep breath. "You were sacrificed to me," he said, rushing through his words, "and I accepted the sacrifice. That's how I did all of that, back there, and that means, well—"

Techno looked down at Tommy. The boy was staring into the fire, biting down on his lip.

"I'm not— I'm not sorry for doing it," Tommy insisted, "I'd do it again, if it would save your life, but, well— now you're... tied to me, I guess. You belong to me. Forever."

Techno ran his fingers through Tommy's hair. Despite his nerves, the kid still melted slightly at the touch.

"I'm yours?" Techno asked.

Tommy took another deep breath. "Yes."

"And you're mine?"

Tommy's breath caught. He looked up, stunned. For a moment, neither of them moved.

Then, Tommy started beaming.

"Yes," he said quickly, as though Techno would rescind the offer, "Of course."

Techno shrugged. "Then nothing's changed, has it? We still belong to each other. It's just a bit more formal now."

In the corner of Techno's vision, the fire seemed to burn a little brighter. It was nothing compared to the smile on Tommy's face.

"The rest of the gods are going to be *so* jealous," Tommy grinned, shifting himself so he could lean against Techno again, "I'm going to show you off to everybody and they're going

to be like, ‘Oh, big man, how come you get to hang out with *the* Technoblade? All *I’ve* got is, like, my shitty crows.’”

Techno snorted. “I don’t think they’re going to say that.”

“They *are*,” Tommy insisted, “And if they don’t, I’m going to hold them all at knifepoint until they realize how cool you are.”

Techno sighed dramatically. “You’re making me regret this already.”

“Too late, dickhead!” Tommy laughed, “You’re stuck with me! We’re brothers now! Like, officially!”

Techno leaned against the wall, Tommy laying on him like a pillow. For the first time in years, the war felt distant.

“Yeah,” Techno said, “We are.”

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy leaving Techno in a random town: "Technoblade is the cutest baby ever! He'll get adopted by a nice family right away!"

Techno: immediately gets coerced into becoming a child soldier

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And there we go! Finished this fic! Phew! This was the longest chapter yet and I didn't even realize until I finished it.

I genuinely hope you all enjoyed this story. I got a lot of positive feedback while writing these chapters, and I just want you to know that every kudos and comment is *greatly* appreciated. I probably wouldn't have written more than the first chapter if you guys weren't so enthusiastic, so truly, thank you for the motivation and support.

If you liked this, consider subscribing/bookmarking the series! Tommy still has to wrangle in Phil and Wilbur, after all, and there are a few other gods I want to write one-shots for.

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by [alexscarlet](#)

[What Good Is It if You Bury Your Sword but Do Not Forget Where It Lies](#) by [tomseus \(orphan_account\)](#)

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